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The Whimsical love of Thomas Whittle

Newcastle

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THE

WHIMSICAL LOVE

OF

THOMAS WHITTLE;

WITH THE

Comical Reception he found from that Imperious Beauty,

ANN DOBSON.

DIGESTED IN PROSE AND VERSE.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

WHITTLE'S HUMOROUS LETTER

To Mr. MOODY, Razor-Setter.

'Tis hard Love's Passion not to know,
'Tis hard to feel the piercing blow,
Yet greater Hardships still remain,
To love, and yet to love in vain.

Printed by J. Marshall,
In the Old Fleſh-Market Newcaſtle;
Where may alſo be had, a large and curious Collection of Songs, Ballads, Tales, Hiſtories, &c.

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WHIMS

THE WHIMSICAL LOVE OF THOMAS WHITTLE, &c.

OCT 2 8 1975

LOVE, where it is truly fixed on a proper object, and meets with a suitable reception, inſtils ſuch an agreeable ſoftneſs into the ſoul, ſuch a ſmoothneſs to the diſpoſition, ſuch a winning carriage, and ſuch a genteel deportment, as make every thing harmonious, and take poſſeſſion of all men's hearts: but where the lover finds obſtructions, and meets with inſults and contempt, added to cruelty, Reſentment and Rage uſurp the ſeat of Love and Amity, and the diſtempered ſoul breathes nothing but the whirlwind and tempeſt, which raiſes up the billows of diſturbed paſſions to ſhipwreck the judgment, and throw all the intellectual faculties into convulſions.

The reaſon of my making this obſervation is a ſtory I had from an acquaintance of mine, one—what a pox makes me forget his name?—if I am not miſtaken, it is ſomething of a blunt edge tool.—O! now I have it, a *Whittle*, a *Whittle*. This *Whittle* fell in love with a North country beauty, and the diſorder his love had occaſioned was ſufficiently obvious in the confuſion of his relating the occurrences of it. The girl's name was *Ann Dobſon;* but he, in imitation of the old romantic lovers, formed it *Celia*, and ſo will I,—becauſe it is of a ſofter accent, and pronunciation But hang it, I was never good at telling a ſtory, ſo I will give it you as he gave it me, part in proſe and part in verſe, juſt according to the ebbing and flowing of his paſſion.

Tune—"*Peaſe Straw.*"

Fa, la, ra, la, ra, let us ſing,
And laugh till we be blue,
Though I have done a ſilly thing,
I ſcorn to ſigh and rue.
I'll number love among my foes,
And conquer it or die,
And ſlight and ſcorn the charms that flows
From Celia's ſparkling eyes.

For I have heard my old grandmother, who had more old proverbs and Canterbury tales in her mouth than ſhe had teeth in her head, ſay, "That haſty marriage is haſty vengeance, and if you marry too ſoon you may repent too late; and the only way to deal with a proud, ſcornful maid is, to ſlight and diſdain her." These ſentences are worth my meditation; but I forgot my ſong.

Come, then, aſſiſt, ſome lofty Muse,
Mean groveling thoughts expel;
Strong, ſprightly, blazing figures chuſe,
And make my numbers ſwell:
And raise my fancy to a height,
That may direct my tongue
To do the lovely Celia right,
And do myſelf no wrong.

Well, I cannot but conclude, that we ballad-makers are a ſort of mean block-heads—fellows that cannot make a few hobbling rhymes without troubling Apollo and the Muſes; they would have a good time on't if we were all dead, for we never let them alone while we live. But let me proceed:

Fair Celia, full of powerful charms,
Subdues and wins all hearts,
Her native beauty quite diſarms
All borrow'd airs and arts;
All Paradiſe blooms in her face,
But fenc'd about from ſin,
For Heav'n in either eye doth place
An awful cherubim.

The Devil's on't: now the thoughts of her hath put me out of my ſong again, and I muſt e'en tell you, in plain terms, that her arms, hands, legs, feet, thighs, belly, water-courſe, and appurtenances to the ſame belonging, are all of a piece, and conformable to her head: and now I'll go on again and begin with myſelf.

At Cambo, on a fatal day,
I chanc'd to ſee and view
This Celia's face, more freſh than May,
When ev'ry bloſſom's new:
Like patient Griſſel, at her wheel,
Acting the houſewife's part,
My ſpirits in my veins did reel,
And love danc'd in my heart.

Well, you will not believe what an alteration the ſight of her produced in me in a

moment; my ſenſes and paſſions were all in an uproar in the twinkling of a bed ſtaff: if ſhe ſmiled, ſhe elevated me to the ſkies; and then for an old ſong, "*Hey, my Nanny, my Nanny!*" O! but if ſhe frown'd, it depreſs'd me again, and my heart ſunk like lead. Had you ſeen me, you would have ſworn I had been got in the change of the moon, for I waxed and waned an hundred times in a quarter of an hour. But let me go on with my ſong.

My mind, like billows on the ſea,
Was toſſed to and fro,
My ſpirits blaz'd, my heart beat high,
Love tyrannized below:
With rapid motion all drove on,
Courage and blood did boil,
And I reſolv'd to fight the man
That robb'd me of her ſmile.

Well, faith I'm in deviliſh heart, I'll give them a fair challenge, if there be any that dare lay claim to the beauteous Celia; as I hope there is none. I dare him to the encounter;—let him meet me on the Rigg, at the back-ſide of Bulhby's barn: if he be wiſe, he dare not, but will conſider that

there is danger in the action, I'll win her with my sword: he who dares pretend a title to a hair of her ſhall ſup with Old Nick. It were cooler ſupping in another place. What! no champion appear?

No man appears,—would one ſtep forth,
We'd have a ſingle bout,
Like dirt or mire on the earth,
I'd cruſh him under foot;
Such heaps of vengeance I would lay
On his deteſted head,
That ev'ry one that ſaw ſhould ſay—
'Tis well that he is dead.

But ſtay, I run too faſt. What little diminutive thing is that which pops in the head on't?—bleſs me, I doubt it is a ſpirit: I beg your pardon, Mr. Ghoſt, I did not challenge a fairy——Hah! my old friend Allen: Pſhaw! him and I will never fall out: How doſt thou do, boy?——Hah! another! Hah! and another, old Iſrael's eldeſt ſon, Reuben, and Celia's young maſter, Tom o' the Town-end: and who the devil's that who follows—a tall fellow, faith: pſhaw! 'tis no man when I look—it is one of the things that makes the coats,

There is Will Wildfire, De'il b'in him, he'll raiſe all the pitmen about me. Pox take them! I ſhall be over-done with odds, and if they wont be civil, I will.

But what if Celia diſapproves,
How hapleſs then's my fate,
If I ſhould hurt the man ſhe loves,
Then I'd draw down her hate.
I'd chuſe to die, oppreſs'd with ſcorn,
Ere ſhe ſhould change her cheer,
I'd rather ſee all nature mourn,
Than ſhe ſhould ſhed a tear.

The fear of giving her offence has ſmothered my ruffled paſſion: if the two and thirty ſons of Æolus broke forth at once in my breaſt, they could not blow up the embers of wrath, nor diſcompoſe the calm atoms that dwell in my heart: Reaſon takes her ſeat, and I am all patience and good nature; and leſt the inſults of rivals ſhould provoke me to relapſe, I think 'tis beſt to withdraw.

Reluctantly I left the prize,
With pangs of love perplex'd,
And fought the way, without my eyes,
Which were on Celia fix'd;

Pierc'd thro' with Cupid's ſharpeſt dart,
Men gave me up for loſt,
For Celia's face and charming eyes
Have chang'd me to a ghoſt.

I'm ſure I left my heart with her, for I cannot find the leaſt token of having ſuch a member in my body ſince; and when I was in view of the houſe, I was ſtill going to Wallington, as I imagined, but looking back to Buſhby's; my feet was all the guide, for my eyes were fix'd on Celia, whilſt ſhe was to be ſeen, and afterwards on the place of her reſidence; until the view, leſſening by degrees, I loſt it. I turned my head to look for Wallington; I had loſt it too, until at laſt I knew it by the trees, otherwiſe I fancy I might have wandered till now; for, amongſt other loſſes, I had loſt, at leaſt, eight points of the compaſs. O the charms of Celia!

Her head ten thouſand graces crown'd,
Too fine to be expreſt,
Ten thouſand Cupids flutter'd round
Her ſnowy neck and breaſt:
Such darling beauties, ſuch bright eyes
Ne'er ſhone beneath the ſun,
She'd raiſe a mortal to the ſkies,
Or draw an angel down.

I dare not attempt further, but ſtand amazed at the awfulneſs of the theme I have choſen: her incomparable perfections may be admired, but cannot be deſcribed; my weak fancy ſinks beneath ſo glorious a burthen, and it is altogether impoſſible for a far brighter genius to attempt her character: ſucceſsful Heaven has done it to a miracle in her perſon; and Fame, like one that has got a cold, loſes her voice, and is ſtruck mute, on the chaunting out encomiums upon her.

Invincible I did remain,
Till I her face did ſee;
All female charms were us'd in vain
For captivating me:
In Capricorn, or in Cancer,
I could endure their ſcorn,
Their ſummer ſmiles and winter cold
To me were always one.

Indeed I thought it a blemiſh to the dignity of man to ſuffer Love to have ſo noble a throne as his heart; nay, I was ſo much an infidel as not to believe it durſt ever take the boldneſs to aſſault me: but one fide-glance of Celia convinced me of my error, to my coſt; Love ſhot like lightning into

my breaſt, and, dilating itſelf, made more wounds in my breaſt than a thouſand archers could have done with ten thouſand bows and arrows; and yet left ſo ſmall an orifice, that de'il a probe or tent will enter to ſearch theſe wounds.

Fair Celia's charms bore ſuch a ſway,
They made the world adore,
Her careleſs triumphs every day
Were ſpreading more and more.
Ye powers! what! is no ſtation free?
Whence lies the potent ſpell?
Why did you give men eyes to ſee,
Or paſſions to rebel?

How partial are the Fates! I wiſh I were their tutor, or that my word could go as far in the Zodiac as the bounds of the ſeven planets, I would learn Celia another leſſon, and no bold impediment ſhould be ſo forward as to encounter me, or none dare try my valour. I'll win her and wear her, in ſpite of all the world; and as it is, I think the ſtars are adverſe to my hapineſs, companions to my miſeries; for I believe if we do not, for the general good of mankind, leave this part of the world, ſhe will dispeople her native ſoil, by raising up

a civil war among the one half, and downright breaking the hearts of the reſt.

But ſtay, I do not know, by gold,
But Celia may comply;
'Tis ſaid that Fortune helps the bold,
And I'm resolv'd to try:
Before one fickly minute die,
I'll know if I ſucceed,
And, like a ſtar ſhot thro' the ſky,
I'll fly to her with ſpeed.

Well, I was ſo ſa infatuated, that until I recollected myſelf, I was directly for taking the lover's leap, when the old proverb came luckily into my mind—"Faint heart never won a fair lady," which ſomewhat revived me. Thought I, I'll never die a martyr where, perhaps, I may live a conqueror, nor loſe the day before I begin the battle: I'll live, and have a wife, and it ſhall be Celia; the breaſts that ſhe ſucked were neither bear's nor tiger's, neither does her heart ſeem to be of marble. The thoughts of ſo many marriages as we have had of late, have almoſt gone with my maidenhead, and they cannot but put her into a ferment: if ſhe be made of ice, I'll melt her. With this reſolution I went to Cambo to receive my deſtiny.

When I, to find my charmer out,
Each method did explore,
I found myself perplex'd with doubt,
More than I was before;
Like April days, that sometimes shine,
Then straight turn clouds and rain,
They smile by turn, and frown by times,
Now smile and frown again.

There is no labyrinth like a woman. By the virtue of *hocus pocus*, here you have them, there you lose them; *Presto*, begone!—come, again, Jack. I think they were got with riddling. I called for a mug of ale at Bushby's, and desired to see Celia; she came; I met her, and bowed till my nose went near to touch the ground: I desired her to sit down. "Yes," said she, "I will—yet I think I will too—no, I cannot." At last she sat down, and I began to accost her, but found her words altogether intricate. She said, "I could love you well enough." Then I fancied I had been born with a caul on my face, or wrapt in a woman's smock." "O!" said she, "but you must chuse another." Zounds! thought I, I am just where I was again. "Yet do not despair," said she. Very

well, said I. "But never hope to enjoy," said she. "What must I not?" said I. Well, I blessed God that I was a man, for I had neither wit nor cunning enough for a woman. Oh! thought I, what a pretty weathercock thou art, that waxes and wanes so fast; I wish I were thy husband to make a full moon of thee. I was at last forced to leave her just as I found her.

I left the fatal place, perplex'd
With love and anxious care,
The sun-shine of my hopes was mix'd
With tempests of despair:
Alternately her favours run,
Sweet honey mix'd with gall;
Sometimes I thought she favour'd none.
Sometimes she fancied all.

When I parted from her, I told her I would pay her another visit. "That is more than you need," said she. But, said I, I will come. "You may do what you please," said she. Shall I be welcome, said I. "Yes, very welcome," said she. — "Nay," added she, "you may as well stay at home." Nay, said I, if that be all, I am never at home, and when I am absent

from you, I am absent from myself. When I left her, I was just like a taper almost burnt out—all in darkness, and then a flash or two of comfort, which was soon blown out again.

The rapid flame that burns my breast,
I oft to her reveal'd;
With importunity I prest,
But could not make her yield;
Th' unequal temper of her mind,
Was worse than her disdain:
My love increas'd, my health declin'd,
I hop'd and griev'd in vain.

I hoped to have tried her at her own will, and catch her as they do salmon, when they fish for them with line and hook; wearied her, and then taken her; but I was deceived. When plain dealings would not do, I flattered her; and as we buy children spice and rattles to learn them their prayers, so I made her a fine busk to entice her; but all would not do.

But Hopes adieu, give place to rage,
Fair nymphs are frail we see;
For Celia does with dwarfs engage,
And slights tall men like me.

The monkey Allen's sly deceit
Has taught her to comply,
While—I sad story to relate—
Sit unregarded by.

At last I found little Allen sitting in the fore house, but my approach turned him into air, and made him invisible in a moment: I never saw more of him afterwards all the while I was there, and could scarce ever see Celia either; but soon I perceived she had got herself cloistered up with him in a little room apart by themselves. I saw her go in and out. My optic nerves shrunk at the sight; and if my eyes had endured it unmov'd, I would have thought myself the king of eagles. The whole senate of the constellations, said I, have decreed my ruin. Patience, go live with cuckolds. Tedious expectation is an *ignus fatuus*, that leads men out of the way. Break forth my wrath, like a consuming fire, and scorch the little fellow to ashes. Have I lost my discipline? and does such as he retain the military way of wooing? What avails my mustering up of whole troops of compliments, and putting kisses in rank and file? and what

ſignifies all my reaſons, grounds, teſtimonies, arguments, and perſuasions, when this little beadle of Parnaſſus, fit for nothing but to make a few lamentable rhymes, and deal in paltry ballads; one that maliciously helps the clifts of the muſes, and injures the bough of Daopine, can entice my Miſtreſs from me? Muſt he enjoy her, that hath neither wit nor fancy enough to make an anagram, or ſtudy a poeſy for her wedding ring? Oh! Heavens! that ſo divine a beauty ſhould be ſo prodigal of her favours, and place her love on a boy that can never deſerve it! Well, he's below my wrath, and ſhe deſerves my pity; I'll e'en burn the buſk, and go on my way.

Her very eyes and nod I watch'd,
Which did unguarded move,
And little circumſtances catch'd,
Which all diſcover'd love:
Well, fickle Celia, uſe your art,
Let am'rous fops adore,
I'll leave you and recall my heart,
And be your fool no more.

I did ſo; I burnt the buſk out of madneſs and vexation, and came away, full of

ſcorn and diſdain, to ſee ſuch a pigmy preferred before me. Muſt I retain my love, ſaid I, when ſhe has loſt her virtue? No, I'll knock off my chains and reaſſume my liberty. Then I began to reflect that Allen might afterwards have as little reaſon to boaſt of her favours, which I found ſhe had beſtowed liberally and blindly, as Fortune does, without any regard either to worth or merit; and recollecting myſelf, I called to mind, that at Chriſtmas, the tailor I mentioned before, accompanied with another young man and Allen, came to pay her a visit, and they had her all night, by turns in the ſame room, where now ſhe was with Allen. Well, woman will deceive the Spaniſh inquiſition, ſin looks ſo baſhful in them. I have ſeen Celia bluſh as if modeſty have been laid to reſt on her face as on a bed of roſes, and yet kiſs all the while as ſweet as a ſyllabub. One knows not what may become of this; however, I am innocent. Baſhful belly-piece, if thou ſwell, I did not fetch the poiſon.

What notions to my head did crowd?
What fury put me mad?

To fob the girl, and make her proud,
Of charms ſhe never had:
Sure I was all the while in dream,
Fond fancy bore the ſway;
But now I'll ſpew it up like phlegm,
And throw vain thoughts away.

Well, I find a lover's judgment never fits on the infallible choice; he adores his miſtreſs's every imperfection, and fancies every part about her lovely; he is blind to all her blemiſhes, but ſees all her beauties in a magnifying glaſs. And as a careful houſeholder has an inventory of his goods, ſo the lover of every thing that is praise-worthy in his miſtreſs, turns plagiary, and filches encomiums from every hyperbole and romance, which a little repetition confirms his belief of. This I found confirmed in myſelf; for when I began to look on Celia with more judgment and leſs of partiality, I found how much I had over-prized her; I could not then ſee any beauty or perfection in her ſo peculiar, but what the generality of her ſex might equalize; ſo that I did not doubt but the loſs of her might be ſupplied with another, perhaps as good.

Now Celia, once to me ſo dear,
Gives neither joy nor ſmart;
That love's deteſtful now to hear,
That once lodg'd in my heart:
Not all the fading tranſient charms
Which makes the world adore,
Nor Celia's artful, ſly alarms,
Shall captivate me more.

I find that Celia deals pieces of her favour to every one but me: the reflection of ſuch a wrong has awaked the lethargy of my drowsy ſoul, and recalled my fleeting ſenses up; reason has vanquiſhed my weakneſs, and appeased all the little alarms of expiring love; I have loſt my ague and recovered—I am perfectly well; my pulse beats music, and my lively blood dances a healthy measure. Cupid, I ſhoot thee back thy arrows, retain them to thy quiver—they are ſpent in vain on me, that am now armed againſt thy power. As for Celia, ſince ſhe has acted in this sort, I'll have an artiſt beſpoke, to frame three wonderful fine weathercocks; one to be placed at Cambo, and another to be placed at Shafto-Craggs, and the third on ſome eminence nigh the Witherington's, to

ſhew which way the wind of her affections blow next. And now, my fellow-foods and companions in the court of Venus, I bid you a hearty farewell; the word *love* is waterish to my taſte, and fit only to be digeſted by ſick perſons and young children; I will, therefore, leave the foolish pleaſures of this court to thoſe feeble ones, and ſheath my limbs in armour, and walk forth to view the tents of Mars, and the trophies of that warlike god, under whoſe banner my victorious ſword ſhall bring the monarchy of the world under my ſubjection.

Newcastle on Tyne,
May twenty-nine.

TOM WHITTLE, his Humorous LETTER To Master MOODY, Razor-setter.

GOOD Maſter Moody,
My beard being cloudy,
My cheeks, chin, and lips,
Like moon in the 'clipſe,
For want of a wipe;
I ſend you a razor,
If you'll be at leiſure
To grind her and ſet her,
And make her cut better,
You'll e'en light my pipe.*

Dear ſir, you know little
The caſe of poor Whittle;
I'm courting, tantevee,
If you will believe me,—
Pray mark what I ſay:—
I'm frank in my proffers,
And when I make offers
To kiſs the ſweet creature,
My lips cannot meet her,
My beard ſtops the way.

* A North country phraſe, ſignifying a particular favour done to one.

You've heard my condition,
And now I petition,
That, without omiſſion,
With all expedition,
You'll give it a ſtrike;
And ſend it by 'Toney,
He'll pay you the money:
I'll ſhave, and look bonny,
And go to my honey,
As ſnod as you like.

If you do not, you'll hip me,
My ſweetheart will ſlip me;
And if I ſhould ſmart for't,
And break my brave heart for't,
Are you not to blame?
But if you'll oblige me,
As gratitude guides me
I'll ſtill be your ſervant,
Obedient and fervent,
Whilſt WHITTLE's my name.

FINIS.

Marſhall, Printer, Newcaſtle.